Tear us Apart

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Tear us Apart

by Stopme

Summary

Harry's problems started when his dear Albus was a fourteen-year-old boy, who wanted to invite his best friend during the summer holidays.

Scorpius Malfoy.

Notes

This was a really fun prompt to write! I wanted to do so much more with it, but promised myself to write something short. This was my first take on this pairing and I must say that I loved them.

Thank you so much to my betas Eleven_Eaves and Welltheregoesmyheart.

This fic was written for the Next Gen Fest 2022 and I got prompt #56: Omegaverse! Omega!Scorpius, Alpha!Harry. Draco tries to keep them apart but Harry refuses to back down from claiming his mate.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Harry was a man with great self-control. He was immensely proud of himself. Not only because he was immune to the Imperious curse at a young age, but because of the many omegas that threw themself at him once the war was over. By then, he had been more than committed to Ginny Weasley, a beautiful beta, and the younger sister of his best mate. It was only logical for him to marry her, even if his darker alpha instincts were screaming at him to get himself a nice omega to breed and claim as his own.

Harry married Ginny, and he was happy to say that he had everything he ever wanted: a nice, big family. Ginny may be a beta, but she still carried the blood of the Weasley family inside of her. And she had no problem in giving him three beautiful children that Harry loved more than life itself.

Harry's problems started when his dear Albus was a fourteen-year-old boy, who wanted to invite his best friend during the summer holidays.

Scorpius Malfoy.

The first time Harry saw Scorpius was many years ago when the boy was an adorable two-year-old baby, shortly after Draco and he decided to work on their problems. That was the day Albus and Scorpius met for the first time, too. Scorpius was an adorable kid, and Harry had seen him grow alongside his own kids. That's why, when Scorpius arrived at the Potter family home at age fourteen, Harry felt like the sickest, most horrible human being alive.

Even at fourteen, Scorpius was already growing into a beautiful young man. He was tall for his age, just like Draco had been decades ago, but all Harry needed was one glance in his direction to know that Scorpius didn't have too many years more of growing at his disposal. After all, the beautiful blond boy already smelled like a sweet omega.

And omega that, without a doubt, would cause chaos to Harry's self-control.

The way the little omega looked at him wasn't helping at all.

Lucky for Harry, even if his deepest alpha instincts were screaming at him to claim the boy for himself, Harry still had enough restraint to stop his body from doing something horrible on Albus' birthday.

"Mister Potter!" Scorpius screamed, running in his direction with a wild smile on his face.

Until then, Harry had been hiding in his office, working on a few documents for Charlie, when he had decided that his back was hurting too much and he needed a well-deserved rest outside, flying on his Thunderbolt. Harry was halfway into the backyard when he heard Scorpius calling for him.

"Scorpius," he smiled at the boy, who kept on running and showed no intention of slowing down his race. "How many times do I have to tell you to call me Harry?"

Scorpius stopped right in front of him, stumbling on his feet like he was just about to throw himself into Harry's arms, and changed his mind right at the last second.

"I'm sorry sir, my family is—" he laughed, "—much more formal than here, and I can't get used to the idea of calling you by your name instead of Mister Potter."

Harry smiled and placed one of his hands on Scorpius's shoulder. It was then that he noticed how big his hand looked in comparison, and that made him feel even more self-conscious about his own reactions around the boy.

"Were you looking for me?"

Scorpius blushed. And the pink tone on his cheeks matched delightfully with him. Harry stared, waiting for the boy to say something, all along keeping his hand on his thin shoulder.

"Scorpius?" Harry leaned down, whispering so only the boy could hear him. His action seemed to bring another wave of heat into Scorpius's face, because the pretty blush intensified and spread onto his neck.

'His eyelashes are so long,' Harry thought while Scorpius had his eyes downcast. His eyelashes seemed to brush against the blushing skin. 'He is going to grow into a gorgeous young man.'

"I–" Scorpius stuttered, "I was wondering if we could—Ah… Actually, sir, I think I forgot why I was looking up for you when I came out of Albus' room."

Harry laughed and gave Scorpius's shoulder a last squeeze before stepping back and breaking contact. The surrounding air became sweeter, and Harry's eyes widened for a fraction of a second before he composed himself.

"Go back to my son, Scorpius. If you need anything, I'll be flying for the next hour. You two could join me if you like. If I can't help you, you can always ask Ginny."

Ginny. His wife: the mother of his children.

Fuck.

Scorpius nodded and turned around, running as fast as he could back into Albus' room. Harry, meanwhile, stood motionless in the same spot, looking at his retreating form until all that was left was the lingering, unmatured omega smell that would drive him crazy soon enough.

"Merlin…" he whispered, his mouth dry and trembling hands.

The boy hadn't even presented as an omega yet. He hadn't even gone through his first heat. And yet, Harry hadn't experienced such a sweet, enticing smell before.

Yeah, he needed to distract himself up in the sky, far away from Scorpius and his beautiful face.

Almost a week after Harry's small breakdown after realising he wanted to fuck his son's best mate, Harry sat in front of the boy's father. Draco was gorgeous as always. Tall for an omega, with delicate skin and a fire in his eyes that drove some alphas mad in their need to subjugate him. They were talking, one of their monthly get-togethers to chat and relax. Over the years, they had grown closer, and become fantastic friends and confidants.

And yet, today Harry was distracted from their conversation, pondering the allure Scorpius had over him.

"I think I'm going to ask for the divorce," he confessed out loud, interrupting whatever Draco was saying.

"You are?" Draco's face flashed with surprise, before closing off and displaying his usual pureblood blank expression.

It was an odd sight, Harry mussed, Draco hadn't behaved like that around him for years now.

"Yeah," Harry stared up at the ceiling of Malfoy's Manor's private drawing-room. Each and every single room in that house was exquisite, full of light and air. The Malfoys had outdone themself remodelling the place after the war, eager to get rid of anything that reminded them of their time as hostages in their own home. Right now Harry was staring right into a beautiful painting of the sky, with all kinds of magical birds flying around.

"What drove you to that decision? You seemed quite happy married to that average beta."

"Don't talk about Ginny like that. She is beautiful in her own right. And she gave me three children without being an omega. Beta women usually can only bear one child or none at all," Harry said, but Draco only huffed. It was a never-ending discussion between the both of them. No matter how long it had been, Draco and Ginny had never got along. "And yes, I realise she needs someone that feels happier around her. The alpha in me will always feel unsatisfied with a beta by my side."

"Told you so," Draco muttered and drank a sip of his firewhiskey. "Did you finally decide to surrender yourself to the delights of an omega body? I could show you around."

Now it was Harry's time to huff.

"Yeah, right. I'm not planning on getting into another relationship anytime soon. And I don't need anyone's help if I find myself in need of company."

Harry looked back at Draco and saw him frowning at his firewhiskey. Draco had a lean body and soft angles. His face was still pointy, but he was no longer taller than Harry, who had finally grown up once the war was over. The difference between their height wasn't much, but it was enough for Harry to feel pleased by it. Staring at Draco, Harry mused about Scorpius and how he would grow up to be.

Tall as his father, probably. But with a softer face, thanks to his mother. Harry was sure that Scorpius would have a softer look in his eyes, too, no matter his pureblood uprising. Because just like Harry's kids, that boy had grown up in a world free of the suffering of war.

"Have you tested Scorpius's secondary sex? James already proved himself to be an alpha. And Albus is an omega. Ginny says she doesn't want to test Lily. But in the end, it will be Lily's decision if she gets herself tested before being of age. At least it still isn't something to worry about with her."

Draco nodded, making Harry feel curious about the answer to his question.

"Scorpius will be an omega just like me. Which isn't a problem in my family. After all, the Malfoy heir can be an omega and claim his lordship once it's time to do so." Draco waved his hand and sighed. "I'm only worried about him finding an appropriate partner. I always thought he would end up with your Albus, but if the boy is an omega…"

"He will find someone," Harry said, not daring to understand the sudden rage he was feeling at the idea of Scorpius finding himself a partner. It was too soon to think about it.

“Of course he will. The real question is if he is going to find a suitable match with an alpha, or if he is going to marry a beta and need fertility potions to have his heir.”

Harry was dying to ask about it, but he knew that Draco’s marriage was something he wasn’t willing to talk about. And Harry wasn’t ready to push his buttons when he couldn’t take the man’s son off his own thoughts.

“Can I stay here for a few days once I get kicked out of my home? I’m not feeling like sleeping at Grimmauld Place. It had been ages since I stepped foot in there, you know. I think I’ll need your contact for the remodelling. That team did an amazing job here.”

“Of course. When are you planning to ask her for the divorce?” Draco asked, looking at him still behind his mask of indifference.

“I was thinking later this week. James is going with Teddy and Andromeda on a brief trip, and you already know that Scorpius invited Albus here to stay for two weeks. Lily will be with us, but I can send her to her godmother's house before the talk.”

“Then cheers for your much-needed divorce, Potter.” Draco lifted his firewhiskey and finished his glass.

Harry had learned to love Malfoy Manor with time. It was a beautiful place, and while it still had an edge to it, given the many decades soaked in foul magic, now the magic in the air was filled with a familiar love and happiness. Astoria was away, visiting her sister, and Draco had locked himself up on his study working on some important bills for the next Wizengamot session. So here was Harry, leaning against a pillar in the manor’s grounds and staring up to the sky, where his son and Scorpius were flying.

It was a nice summer day. Harry was wearing a light t-shirt and a pair of jeans. He had cast a refreshing spell over the boys, to avoid any complication because of their flying under the sun.

Scorpius was laughing. Harry couldn't see his face from where he was standing, but he could hear him.

"Mister Potter!" the boy screamed a few minutes later, rushing on his broom to Harry's side. "Will you fly with us, please? I bet you have some wicked moves to teach us! Will you help us train?"

Harry stared at Scorpius' flushed face and a huge smile. The boy's skin was covered in sweat because of the exercise.

"Dad is too faithful to his dear Gryffindor team to help us, Scorp," Albus whined, lowering himself to their height. "If he trains you as a seeker then there would be no stopping the Slytherin team."

Harry laughed, barely looking away from Scorpius when Albus spoke.

"So, you are Slytherin's seeker?"

"Yes!" Scorpius blushed under Harry's gaze, practically vibrating with excitement at the idea of Harry even considering teaching him some of his quidditch moves. "Dad said he could never beat you on the pitch. And I've seen dad playing. He's a great seeker!"

"Yes, he is. He was the one always giving me a good fight up in the air…" He pretended to be considering his options, looking from Scorpius's flushed face to his thrilled son hovering around them.

Harry dragged on his consideration until Albus couldn't take it anymore:

"Dad, c'mon!"

Harry couldn't help it and laughed at his son's impatience.

"Let me ask your father for a broom," he said, looking at Scorpius, "and to inform him that I'm going to teach you some moves. He'll freak out if he sees you trying some of them without previous warning."

Helping the kids with their Quidditch techniques created contradictory feelings inside Harry. On one side, it was nice to spend time with Albus and enjoy his enthusiasm. It allowed them to bond, and have some quiet time to speak about Harry's and Ginny's divorce, and what would happen from now on. And, on the other side, it allowed Harry to take a closer look at Scorpius.

That wasn't a bad thing per se, but it was horrible when combined with Harry's itching hands that craved to touch the boy, and the growing guilt inside his gut. Harry couldn't help himself, and more than once he found himself with his hands on Scorpius's back, arms, and even on his stomach while explaining something about muscles and Quidditch moves. At least their

Quidditch training was usually cut short around the middle of the day, when the boys grew tired of flying around and it was too hot to be outside.

Once the training was over, the boys soon parted ways with Harry and were sprinting to Scorpius's rooms, talking and laughing about something Harry couldn't quite catch. Harry, for his part, could only hurry to his own room.

Filled with shame and self-disgust, he stepped inside the shower to wash away the sweat that had built up on his skin during training. Slowly, his hand would go down his waist, caress the soft hair under his fingertips and then, do his best to restrain himself from pumping his cock with the thought of Scorpius lingering on his mind.

Harry failed most of the time.

And when he didn't, he ended up soaking his frustration under the stream of freezing cold water.

Harry was resting on his warm, soft bed. The bed was far better than any other he had slept on before. He had to get one just like this one, once he moved to his new home. For now, all he wanted to do was remain there, covered up with the nice sheets, and cuddle against the back of a smaller body sleeping beside him.

Humming, he placed soft little kisses along the naked shoulder. They were so close Harry could feel the omega's bare skin against his own. Legs entwined, and soft whimpers were coming out of his omega's mouth while Harry nipped the sweet skin of the neck.

"A—Alpha—Ah!"

"I'll take good care of you, omega." Harry trailed his hand along the tiny waist of his companion and moved the hand to the front of his body to caress along the soft line of golden hair that started under Scorpius's belly and went down to gather around his proud erection.

"Do you want me, omega?"

Harry brushed the tip of his nose against Scorpius' mating gland. His hand was moving slowly, drawing small little moans from the omega's mouth.

"Y–yes, please. Yes."

"Do you want me to mark you, beloved?"

"Yes!—"

"Do you want to feel your alpha's cock inside your pretty body?"

Harry stopped masturbating Scorpius's omega cock and put his hand between his thighs, gathering with his fingers the sweat-slick that was soaking the bedsheets under Scorpius's bottom. Harry slowly pushed two of his fingers inside the tight, warm body, and groaned, imagining how Scorpius would feel around his prick.

Harry hadn't had an omega before, and it had been so long since the last time he felt the warmth of another body welcoming his girth…

And Scorpius was *his*.

"Please… alpha, please."

"Everything for my little mate…"

Harry woke up with a gasp and the most painful erection standing proudly between his legs. He groaned and closed his eyes, one arm covering his face, while the other was grasping the bedsheets to stop himself from doing what his body was craving for. 'This cannot be,' he thought. It couldn't. Scorpius was Draco's son. Draco Malfoy may have been his school nemesis for years, but now he was a great friend. And, worst of all, Scorpius was Albus' best friend.

Harry was old enough to be Scorpius' father, and the boy himself hadn't even gone through his first heat yet.

"I'm disgusting…"

Giving up, he moved his hand and slid it inside his pyjama bottoms. His treacherous thoughts were filled with blond hair, grey eyes, and a beautiful red mouth. Harry's desire was stronger than his disgust with the situation he had found himself in. His alpha libido, for some reason, had taken a special interest in the young boy, and the images in his dream were doing nothing in favour of Harry's self-control.

He had never felt this way regarding Ginny. She was beautiful, but she was no omega. His instincts didn't react the same to her as they were reacting now towards Scorpius. The fact that the young Malfoy hadn't even gone through his presentation yet, and his first heat, worried Harry to no end.

Once Harry had taken care of his needs, he soon got himself cleaned and changed into a pair of sweatpants and a simple T-shirt. Unable to go back to sleep, Harry stepped out of his room. Mind flying miles away while he walked through the empty halls of Malfoy Manor. It feels wrong to be there, enjoying the hospitality of his friend. Harry didn't know how he would look Draco in the eyes in the morning over the breakfast table. He didn't know how he would look at Astoria, and smile at her, while she fusses over Scorpius and Albus, asking them if everything was packed and ready for the Hogwarts Express.

Suddenly, being inside the manor felt claustrophobic, no matter how high the ceilings are or how light the walls were painted once Draco became the owner of the property.

Harry rushed outside, no longer caring to keep his steps quiet while he ran to the nearest exit.

Outside, the cold air of the night hit Harry in the face, and he stopped running and closed his eyes while focusing all his strength on levelling out his breathing and calming his wild thoughts.

“Mister Potter?”

Harry’s world stilled when the soft, worried voice of Scorpius Malfoy spoke behind him.

Slowly, Harry turned around to face the teen standing still inside the manor. The French doors were open, as Harry didn’t bother with closing them behind him, and Scorpius was standing a few feet away from him, looking worried and confused. He was wearing his baby-blue pyjama pants, and a pyjama shirt slightly lighter than the pants, with a flying snitch in the middle of his chest.

‘Cute,’ Harry thought, only to feel disgusted at himself.

“Can’t you sleep, Scorpius?”

The boy shook his head and gave Harry a shaky, embarrassed smile.

“I can’t sleep the night before taking the Hogwarts Express. I know it’s silly to get this nervous and excited about it. But it… but it has been like that since my first year.”

“Ah, it is not silly at all,” Harry smiled, doing his best to bury his sick feeling and cravings in the bottom of his mind and be a responsible adult. “Care to join me in a little stroll?”

‘What the Fuck are you doing, Potter?’ a voice remarkably similar to Draco’s acted as his consciousness inside his head.

“Come on,” Harry insisted, extending one hand in Scorpius’ direction, “Show me your favourite part of the grounds, and I’ll cast a warming charm in case it gets too chilly.”

Scorpius eyed his hand for a second and nodded. Slowly, he reached out and took Harry’s bigger hand in his. Was that a blush on the boy's face? Harry ignored his imagination and gave Scorpius's hand a slight squeeze before accommodating it around his arm.

“Did you enjoy my training sessions this summer?” Harry asked while they made their way down the garden of roses.

“Yes, thank you. I don’t think I have ever flown faster in my life before.”

Scorpius was smiling. Harry could see it thanks to the clear, pale light of the moon shining over them and the sea of stars above their heads. Scorpius's hair looked whiter than ever under that light, and his light grey eyes looked like they were taken from some beautiful

magical creature. His hair, and his eyes, Harry was sure were the reason some people believed the Malfoys had some kind of Veela blood inside their veins.

“I cannot wait to see you up there on the quidditch pitch, then,” Harry said, softly smiling at the boy. “Love the Hogwarts’ quidditch season.”

He laughed, and he could see Scorpius’s face darkening even with the poor light.

“Will you support us?” the boy asked. “Even if we play against Gryffindor?”

“I’ll sit with the teachers, but yes, I’ll support you even if you play against my eldest son.” Harry winked, “We just have to keep it a secret between the both of us.”

A secret.

Harry gulped and continued their walk in silence until they stopped walking near a beautiful pond, surrounded by trees and with a gorgeous view of the manor. But not close enough for them to be seen from inside the house.

“I love this place,” Scorpius whispered. “I love to walk here, and sit near that huge rock and think… There is a spot on Hogwarts’ lake that reminds me of the same peace I feel here.”

Scorpius guided the alpha towards the rock and sat on it, panting with his hand next to him as a silent request for Harry to sit in that place. Harry obliged, and sat beside Scorpius, surrounding the boy with one of his arms and pressing him against his side with the excuse of keeping him warm and safe from harm.

“It is a beautiful place indeed.”

Harry felt Scorpius tense under his arm and hand for a long minute before the boy relaxed under his touch. Sighing, Scorpius led in and laid his head against Harry, happily closing his eyes and relaxing against Harry’s body heat.

The omega’s smell was surrounding them, happy and soft, not yet mature enough to be noticed by most of the wizarding population. Harry wondered why he could smell him, why he could know Scorpius would be a fine, beautiful omega in a few years. That was a question that had plagued him for days now, but at the present moment, Harry didn’t have the strength of mind to keep his thoughts around that question, and even less strength to control himself completely.

Harry closed his eyes and rested his face on top of Scorpius’s head. Brushing the tip of his nose against the soft strands of blond hair. He inhaled deeply, enjoying the fresh brush of vanilla and expensive shampoo, and Merlin knew how many other fancy hair products mixed up with Scorpius's natural scent.

“M-Mister Potter?”

“You’re so young…” Harry whispered, not really paying attention to what the boy had said. “You shouldn’t smell like this… not now, not when you still haven’t… *Merlin, help me.* ”

The last three hissed words naturally slipped into parseltongue because of Harry's distress. Scorpius shuddered at the sound. Harry could feel the reaction under his touch. He smirked, pleased with the reaction the boy was giving to the sound. Harry had slipped into parseltongue once or twice in Ginny's presence, and the result hadn't played out well. After all, the language held an awful memory in his ex's mind. But maybe, just maybe, this ability wouldn't be something he should keep to himself near this sweet omega.

"Your father will hate me, and will try to kill me if he finds out what I'm dreaming about involving you." Harry added, still in hushed confessions, *"I want to kiss you, hold you, taste you—and it's driving me mad."*

Scorpius was still shivering under his arm, and the boy pressed himself towards Harry in a movement Harry didn't know how to interpret. Scorpius clung to Harry's thin T-shirt with one of his hands, his delicious omega scent stronger under Harry's nostrils.

"S—sir?"

Harry used his free hand to take hold of Scorpius's chin, and slowly—tenderly—he guided the boy's head up.

"You are beautiful…" Harry whispered when their eyes met.

Harry's eyes drifted down to Scorpius's plump lips. He used his thumb to caress the tender skin, smiling and feeling his stomach drop in want when the boy opened his mouth and the tip of his tongue brushed—probably unintentionally—Harry's finger. No matter the intentionality of the gesture may be, Harry lost it, and the last bit of restraint holding him still snapped out of his mind.

Harry leaned in, giving the boy more than enough time to pull away if that was what he wanted to. But Scorpius didn't move, he didn't pull away from Harry's arms, hand, or movement.

Their lips touched. Soft at first. Harry felt a wave of heat spread down his body, and he hugged the boy closer to himself before moving to brush their mouths together once more. This time he slowly moved his lips, patiently coaxing Scorpius to follow his lead. A thrill went through Harry's spine when he felt the tentative movement from Scorpius' part, and the small gasp against his own lips. He smirked, diving into giving his best in making their first —but not last, his treacherous mind provided—kiss an experience neither one of them could ever forget.

Craving

Scorpius Malfoy loved the attention he was getting from the rest of the school, and the way most of the negative whispers behind his back had slowly turned into appreciation. He had been cast aside once he joined Hogwarts as a first-year. He had been bullied and insulted more than once. Humiliation followed him around, no matter how much money his family had in their vaults. Wealth didn't matter when you were the son of a known Death Eater, even if said man had been absolved of his crimes during the war and considered a victim like many others.

The Malfoy name was tainted. His father and grandfather had been the cause of the fall from grace.

Scorpius loved his family. And he loved to visit his grandparents in France every summer for at least a week. He loved his dad, and he was sad for him now that the man was single once again after Astoria's passing. But Scorpius hoped that now dad would have the freedom of choosing a partner that really matched his taste and needs. For years Scorpius hadn't understood why so many people commented on his parents' marriage. A male omega and a female beta. But now, so close to his own presentation and first heat, he was more than aware of the reason for the many whispered behind his family's back.

He also knew that his sole existence was the result of many tries, rituals, and the use of fertility potions that cost a fortune.

Now, at sixteen, something inside Scorpius rebelled at the idea of ending up matched with a beta against his instincts. He was top of his class, star seeker of the Slytherin team, and he had his eyes set on one specific alpha his father would never approve of.

But Scorpius was determined to get what he wanted, once the time was right.

Scorpius wanted Harry Potter—he had wanted the man even before their first kiss two years ago. And Scorpius knew Harry wanted him back; even if the man had refrained from satisfying Scorpius's natural curiosity toward pleasure and the alpha's body.

"Malfoy, will you go to the ball with me?" a cocky Hufflepuff alpha asked, a boy from his year who had been wandering around Scorpius's soft scent for the past few weeks.

Scorpius looked up from his notes and Potion essay. He looked the young alpha up and down, studying his posture, his lean teen body hiding under those schools robes, and the hopeful, confident look on his blue eyes.

"Maybe," he answered. Why not? The boy was cute. Not really of his liking, but none of the boys that could ask him out to the Yule Ball could fit his requirements. "Ask me again this Friday, and I'll let you know."

Confusion flashed on the young alpha's face. He was clearly taken aback by Scorpius's answer. Anger flew on his face, then enthusiasm, and anger once again.

“Why not answer me now?” he asked.

“Why should I accept the first alpha that asks me to be his date?” Scorpius asked back. “You won’t be the only one asking me out.”

His instincts may not be fully developed yet, but Scorpius knew he would attract the attention of more than one possible date.

“Now, is there anything else you want to ask from me, or can I go back to my essay?”

Alone after the boy left his side, Scorpius sighed and looked down at his book. One glance around the room made him know that no one was looking at him. But just as a precaution he cast a privacy ward before taking a closed letter from between the books’ pages and smiled when he saw the familiar scrawling with his name on the front of it.

Warmth spread through his whole body knowing Harry was still thinking of him, even if they were miles apart and trapped in a situation they still had to endure until it was safe for them to reveal their real feelings.

Until it was safe for them to pursue something more than stolen kisses, hugs, and lingering glances.

Scorpius took a final look around him out of precaution before opening the envelope. He couldn’t help but simply when his eyes finally landed on the letter Harry had sent him through a little ingenious box. Harry had given Scorpius the box last year, claiming that he had its pair, and like a vanishing cabinet, the pair of boxes would work to safely exchange between them little objects like chocolate boxes, letters, and the likes. It was safer to use the box than an owl. After all, Albus or the other Potter kids would wonder why his father was writing to Scorpius instead of them.

My dear Snidget,

I am sorry I couldn’t be there for your last Quidditch game. I’m finally back from my expedition, and I brought something with me that I think you are going to love, Sweetheart. It just needs a little bit of work, but I hope you’ll like your surprise once I give it to you.

I can't wait to see you. The days left for your next Hogsmeade weekend are drawing on forever. All I can think about, my sweet omega, is having you back between my arms.

Forever yours,
Phoenix

Scorpius smiled and tucked his letter away. There was a warm feeling inside his chest, and he had to fight very hard against the nice sensation to keep his smile at bay. One glance at the hour, and he dropped the privacy ward around his table. Divination was almost over, and Albus would be around at any minute now.

A few hours later, the Slytherin duo were making their way to their Transfiguration class when an overwhelming, overtaking heat engulfed Scorpius from head to toe, and a scream fell out of his mouth before Scorpius lost all sense of self, and the world went black.

The soft sheets under his trembling body were familiar enough and combined with the smell lingering around his nose, Scorpius knew that he was back at Malfoy Manor, laying on his own bed, instead of the halls of Hogwarts on his way to class.

What was happening?

A wave of heat made him shiver and desire pooled painfully in the bottom of his belly, and Scorpius had his answer. He was in heat. His first heat.

Tears of pain, despair and utter happiness gathered in the corner of his eyes. He was a proper omega, finally! His body was mature enough to have his first heat, and his instincts were finally waking up completely. He was old enough to start courting, and being seen as a proper omega in the eyes of the alphas around him.

He was now a proper omega for Harry.

His body felt like bursting into flames just by thinking about the elder alpha. Scorpius whined, and did his best to open his eyes, only to blink and find his gaze unfocused and so uncomfortable that he closed his eyes once more.

“A—Alpha.”

Then there was a hand with long fingers slowly caressing his hair and Scorpius sighed at the contact. It wasn’t what he needed, or what he wanted, but it gave him a sense of peace he hadn’t felt since this heat had started.

“Don’t you worry, my dear, your dad is here. You’ll be alright,” Draco whispered, his scent sweet and maternally warm in Scorpius's nose. He had always felt safe near his father, but all these sensations of sweetness and motherly protection were new, or at least they were regarding Draco.

“Dad… it hurts.”

Scorpius missed his mother, he really did, but his instincts were telling him that his omega father was even safer than his mother had ever been.

Scorpius started crying and sobbing, tossing around his bed, seeking a relief that it would never come. His skin was sweaty, hot, and cold at the same time. He could feel a soft cloth being used to clean him, but he couldn’t think long enough to even start guessing who was the one trying to keep him as clean and comfortable as possible.

All Scorpius knew was that the one he needed by his side wasn't present. And, in consequence, he started calling for his intended mate.

"Harry…"

The hand moving the cloth over his forehead stilled and pulled away. He used the opportunity of turning around the bed, pressing himself against the mattress, and sighing in anguished relief when a spark of pleasure lit in the pit of his stomach at the slight pressure of his groin against the bed.

There were a set of hurried steps walking away from him, taking with them the smell of security and home. Scorpius cried once more, and the name of Harry spilled out of his mouth over and over again.

Harry Potter was happily working on his runes project when the Patronus appeared in front of him. He was startled for a second, until he recognised the owl and the voice it came out of it.

"Drag your sorry ass to the manor, Potter," was all Draco had to say before his Patronus evaporated into nothingness.

Confused and alarmed, Harry put his work aside and hurried to get himself properly dressed for visiting Malfoy Manor with a flick of his wand. Without a second thought, he disapparated away, being the only one permitted to do that kind of magic inside Grimmauld Place, and apparated right in front of the imposing view of Malfoy Manor.

He stepped through the gates, and walked as fast as he could towards his old friend's home.

"What h—"

Once inside, before he could even finish his question, Draco dashed in his direction and gave him an unexpected punch in the face that made Harry stumble back a few steps.

"What the hell?!" Harry exclaimed, taking a hand to his throbbing cheek and staring at Draco in disbelief. "What was that all about?"

Draco wasn't his usual composed self. His hair was in disarray, and he was only wearing a set of soft-looking pyjamas.

"Stay away from my bloody son, Potter," Draco gritted between his teeth. "Do you hear me?" Stay the fuck away from him."

Harry paled considerably after hearing Draco's words. Had the man learned about the kiss between Scorpius and him? Harry hoped not, but there was such fury in his friend's eyes that Harry couldn't be sure about it.

“Wha—” What are you talking about? Harry wanted to ask, but he was stopped by the strong, overwhelming smell of omega in heat that was still lingering over Draco’s clothes.

A smell that, at the same time, was purely *Scorpius*.

Harry only spared one look in Draco’s direction before dashing down the hallway, his steps guided by his knowledge of the Manor after the many visits he had made on the past few years.

“Potter, stop!” Draco yelled.

Harry paid him no mind until he was about to reach Scorpius's room. But instead of entering the room just like his instincts were screaming at him, Harry stopped in front of the door and stared at it, not daring to touch it because he could feel the lingering magic surrounding the wood.

The door was protected, and he suspected that anyone other than Draco would be seriously injured by touching the door without authorization.

“He is in heat…” Harry whispered, a spark of joy and possessiveness growing like a hungry monster inside his chest.

“Stay away from that door,” Draco ordered.

“Why am I here?”

Harry closed his eyes, his instincts were yelling at him that his mate was at the other side, alone and suffering, and he couldn’t get hold of him because of a stupid warded door. He couldn’t hear Scorpius, but he could smell him. Draco’s ward didn’t stop Scorpius's scent from leaking under the bottom of the door.

“He is in heat…” Harry whispered.

Draco put himself between Harry and the door. He was furious, glaring at Harry with the coldest look Harry had never seen before on him.

“What did you do to my child?” Draco asked.

“Nothing.”

Draco huffed, and all Harry could do was glare back.

“Why am I here?” Harry insisted.

“Scorpius is at the other side, as you can guess, you worthless alpha,” Draco sneered, and Harry had to hold himself from hexing the git. “And I don’t know what had you done to him, but he is calling for you.”

Harry stared at Draco feeling awestruck and a slow, joyful smile spread over his lips.

“He is calling for me?” Harry whispered.

“Yes.” Draco spat. “What did you do to him?”

“Nothing!” Harry exclaimed. The kisses the boy and he had shared wouldn’t influence the boy that way. The only way a nearly presented omega would call an alpha on his first heat was because he had already met the alpha meant to be his mate. “I—I’m his intended mate…”

Warmth spread all over Harry, and his joy had nothing to do to the sheer disgust and dread reflecting on Draco’s face.

“That’s impossible!”

“Why is that? I am an unmated alpha, a powerful one at that. And I had never felt the pull of a mate before—”

‘Before Scorpius,’ he added inside his mind, but Harry wasn’t feeling brave enough to say that in front of an engaged and protective omega.

“You are my age!” Draco screamed, “Don’t you dare enter that room! You won’t touch my boy!”

Harry almost growled in annoyance, instincts getting the best of him. Draco looked out of himself, but Harry couldn’t care less.

“He is right on the other side of this room, and he is suffering!” Harry exclaimed, “I’m not going to fuck your son during his first heat, but his omega clearly choose me as his alpha! He needs me, Draco.”

“Stay away from my son, Potter!” Malfoy exclaimed, eyes wide and expression out of his usual mask of indifference. “I did not summon you here so you could take my boy’s innocence when he is most vulnerable!”

“I’m not planning to! I’m his intended mate, I can feel his call even with your silencing charm all over the door!”

“You are not getting close to my son, you damn pervert!”

“You know that there is nothing that can be done if an omega calls for an alpha,” Harry stated. “I was chosen as his intended mate. I am the best alpha you could ever ask for your son.”

“He is the same age as your own son! How are you supposed to be good for him? Tell me, Potter.”

“I did not choose this,” Harry said, feeling at the end of his rope. “I’ve been waiting for years for my intended mate, settling for a beta because I didn’t feel particularly drawn to any omega in particular. Your son is my intended mate, Draco.”

“You seem pretty damn comfortable with the idea of being mated to an omega 26 years younger than you, Potter. My heir is only 16, and you are a 42-year-old alpha.”

Harry huffed and crossed his arms. He was dying to be inside the room with his omega, but here he was, fighting with an overprotective father. He was doing his best to be sympathetic to Draco’s situation, as Harry would be furious if a 42-year-old alpha claimed to be Albus’s intended, but his patience was running thin.

“I know. That’s why I won’t—” he closed his eyes, doing his best to calm his explosive temper. “Scorpius needs me. He is in pain, he is… he is calling…”

His voice broke. Scorpius's pain was lurking inside his own mind, and he was dying to be by his side.

“I know that I could be his bloody father, but I am not, Draco.” Harry sighed and stared right into Draco’s eyes. “I can feel him calling. Let me in. Please.”

Draco pressed his mouth into a thin, angry line, and Harry could swear that magic was crackling around his body.

“Get out of my house, you are not welcome here.”

Draco’s hard voice swept inside Harry, the Manor’s magic reacting to its owner's wish, and soon Harry felt a hard pull in the middle of his belly. In a blink of an eye, Harry found himself flying away on his back, through the hallway, and down the stairs, right into the open front doors, falling through the ground gates, and hitting the floor outside the property with a hard blow and a pained groan.

When Harry collected himself and tried to get back in, a sharp shot of aggressive magic stung his hand as soon as he touched the gate’s iron bars.

My Phoenix,

I’m back at Hogwarts. Father told me nothing of the time I spent home while going through my first heat. But I can remember you. I can remember your distant presence, and how painful it was to not have you with me. Is this a good thing, is it? Does this mean that my inner omega chooses you over any other alpha I know?

I need to see you. Hogsmeade weekend is in two days.

Where do we meet?

Yours,
Snidget

Life wasn't the same for Scorpius since he got back from his first heat. Now he could actually feel the alphas around him like never before. Some of them smelled nice, and awoke something in him that made him feel uncomfortable. Others smelled like danger, or their mere presence was disgusting. Albus, his dear friend, had been quite helpful since the boy had his first heat two months ago, and was already used to the changes Scorpius was facing. But what worried Scorpius beyond anything else was the cold look on his father's face when he had regained his wits after the heat left his system.

"You'll mate yourself to a boy your age," was one of the few things his father told him before apparating them in front of Hogwarts' gates.

At that point, Scorpius didn't dare to open his mouth, and merely nodded in agreement, only to placate the fury in his father's eyes.

Now, days after that and with most of his classmates happily walking to the carriages for their Hogsmeade visit, Scorpius slid through the castle's corridors to the dungeon, beyond the depths of the Slytherin Common Room, where Harry had told him he would be waiting for Scorpius after breakfast.

With sweaty hands, Scorpius fought the impulse of smiling like a loon. This would be the first time he would see Harry after reaching maturity. The first time Harry would smell a ripe omega scent coming from his body, and Scorpius couldn't wait to smell Harry's alpha scent.

He just *couldn't* wait.

When Scorpius reached the reunion point, he saw no one, only a big painting. With beautiful woods and no person in sight, in front of him that he hadn't paid any attention to before if he remembered right.

"The Chamber of Secrets wasn't the only room left behind by Salazar," Harry's voice whispered to his ear, making him jump in surprise. Harry chuckled, and the sound sent a wave of heat through his body, Harry hissed, and the painting revealed a door behind it. "Let's get inside, love."

Scorpius nodded and opened the door. He didn't see, smell, or hear Harry moving behind him, but he guessed that Harry was following his lead. Leaving the door open behind him, Scorpius gaped and flushed at the comfortable-looking quarters that greeted them. It was a nice sitting room, with sofas, and a fireplace, a small table on the side. The place reminded Scorpius of the Slytherin common room, and the glass ceiling with a beautiful view of the bottom of the lake.

"There is more to see," Harry said, stepping out of his invisibility cloak, and whatever spell that had contained the sound of his footsteps and smells broke.

Scorpius's breath caught at Harry’s sudden presence, his mind feeling overwhelmed with the pure alpha scent that reached his nose. Harry guided him through another door, and Scorpius gasped. There was a huge bed in front of him, with black sheets and Slytherin accents, a nice fireplace at the side, and a sitting area next to it. There were two doors at the right, and one, Scorpius guessed, would be a bathroom. The other was a mystery.

“Do you like it?” murmured Harry and nipped Scorpius' neck with care. “I found this when I helped with the reconstruction after the war.”

“H–Harry,” Scorpius's legs buckled under his weight, but Harry was close and fast enough to catch him before Scorpius fell off to the floor.

“Hello, my dear,” Harry whispered against Scorpius's ear, his big, strong hands holding Scorpius in place.

“Hey…”

Closing his eyes, Scorpius leaned further into Harry’s welcoming arms. Harry hummed at the gesture and buried his nose against Scorpius's blond hair. They, however, didn’t remain unmoving for too long, because soon his instincts took the best of Scorpius, and he launched on his tiptoes, reaching up the few inches that separated him from Harry’s mouth.

He needed Harry; he needed his alpha.

Their kiss was desperate. The anxiety still remaining inside of Scorpius demanding him to be claimed by the man he had in front of him. He could feel the softness of Harry’s lips, combined with the raspy feeling of Harry’s stubble that was scratching his face.

Scorpius’s heart was beating fast, goosebumps tickling his skin from head to toe. Harry’s hands, big and strong, held him in place and made him feel wanted and protected at the same time.

“I had my first heat,” Scorpius whispered between kisses, “I don’t want to wait any longer. I drank my contraceptive potion early this week… Please, Harry…”

Harry broke the kiss and with one hand caressed Scorpius's face while looking at him straight in the eyes. There was doubt in Harry, Scorpius could see it. But next to that emotion there was want, there was desire so intense that Scorpius blushed under his gaze.

“Oh, Scorpius…” Harry groaned and crashed their lips together, and with one fluid movement he carried the boy up in his arms to move him into the bed.

Scorpius’s blush intensified in the instant he lay back into the soft mattress. Harry, still standing, looked at him with such hunger that desire pooled between Scorpius’s thighs and a wave of wetness soaked his underwear. Harry moved over Scorpius, looming over him with a wicked smirk on his lips. Scorpius shuddered, impatient and nervous for what was to come.

How far would they go? He was hoping that beyond anything they had done before. So far, everything in Harry’s attitude was promising everything in Scorpius’s wild imagination.

Harry's soft kisses on his neck took a whimper out of Scorpius. The boy gasped, feeling the sharp teeth of the alpha brushing against his mating gland. Threatening to mark him, to claim him, just as Scorpius had been dreaming about since he became conscious of the growing pull between the both of them.

"Harry…"

"Shh, I'll take care of you," whispered Harry.

Scorpius's heart was beating out of his chest with each button Harry opened. His mouth went dry the moment Harry's lips brushed against the skin of his chest, and Scorpius briefly wondered if Harry could feel disgusted by the thin layer of sweat that without a doubt was covering his body.

"Ah—"

Scorpius closed his eyes and hurried to cover his mouth the moment Harry's tongue touched one of his nipples. Harry hummed, concentrating on toying with the sensitive area with his tongue, while one of his hands moved lower and lower until it reached the hem of Scorpius's trousers.

"So beautiful, let me hear you, Scorpius." Harry's hushed, deep voice made Scorpius's hip jump, and Harry chuckled at the young omega's eagerness.

Harry's hand moved carefully over Scorpius's clothed crotch, and the slight pressure of his fingers made the boy whimper with want. Harry smiled against his skin, and moved up again to reclaim his mouth in a deep, wet kiss full of tongue. Scorpius braced himself, when Harry's delicious weight fell over him, and Harry let him feel his own hard cock against his body.

"I want you," Scorpius begged, surprised by the hoarse tone of his voice.

Harry moved away, and Scorpius whined at the lack of the feel of their bodies pressing together. But his disappointment didn't last long, because Harry resumed his task of getting rid of the clothes that were separating them from a more intimate touch. Scorpius's flush was already reaching his chest when Harry made him incorporate long enough to throw the robe away, leaving him only with his trousers on.

The smirk on the alpha's red lips took Scorpius's breath away.

"OhsweetMerlin—" Scorpius gasped the moment Harry moved lower into his body and dropped an open-mouthed kiss over his clothed cock.

That alpha would be the death of him.

Scorpius shuddered when the cold air of the room hit the sensitive flesh of his reddened cock. Harry pulled out the trousers, taking with it the thin underwear, and banishing socks and shoes so they don't get in the way. Scorpius felt extremely exposed under the darkened

hungry look of his companion. The difference in their state of undress made him feel even more vulnerable than he had expected.

“You have no idea what you are doing to my self-control,” Harry grunted. The alpha’s smell was heavy in the room, making Scorpius feel dizzy in a good, perfect way.

Scorpius had fantasied hundreds of times of all the things Harry could do to him, his healthy curiosity towards sex fed by those broad shoulders, wide smile, and the few scars Scorpius had seen that he had been dying to lick for ages.

Harry sat back on the bed, still fully clothed, and Scorpius controlled himself in his need to tear out the offending fabric that was keeping Harry away from him. Instead, he remained on his back, looking at Harry with darkened eyes, feeling the warmth on his face when Harry pushed his legs open and accommodated himself between them.

He tenderly kissed the back of Scorpius’s legs, earning himself a small gasp from the omega’s mouth. Slowly, the kisses got closer and closer to the most sensitive and delicate skin of Scorpius’s thighs.

“Harry…”

Scorpius’s long, wanton moan sounded recognizable in the boy’s ears when the heat of Harry’s mouth surrounded the sensitive cock head. Soon, everything turned out to be too much. Harry’s tongue, Harry’s spit, Harry’s lips. Everything seemed to suck out Scorpius’s mind and leave behind a quivering mess.

One of Harry’s fingers probed around Scorpius's entrance, the slight pressure sending sparks of new pleasure all over the omega’s body. Scorpius’s back bent like a bow, the boy unable to stand still, his body needed the movement, the physical expression of the pleasure that Harry was making him feel.

“W-Wait,” he begged, not wanting to end their encounter a little too soon, unwilling to cum without Harry’s cock up his ass.

Harry pulled away from his cock with a wet sound and smirked up at Scorpius from between his legs.

“You are so wet for me,” said Harry with a husky voice Scorpius had never heard from him before. “Don’t you worry, let yourself go. You aren’t a simple beta that will tire out before I’m done with you.”

“I—”

Harry surrounded the head of Scorpius's cock with his lips and sucked, earning himself a high-pitched moan. The delicious heat of Harry’s mouth was driving Scorpius mad, making him moan, scream, and tremble with each suction or twist of his tongue.

Scorpius bucked his hips up, fucking into Harry’s mouth. The man allowed the movement for a few seconds, but then he held Scorpius’s hips down and engulfed the omega’s cock until it

reached the back of his throat.

“Oh, *Merlin*… ”

With one of his hands, Harry played around Scorpius’s balls. He fully released the boy's hip, sliding once again the hand between the spread thighs, and pressed two of his fingers inside the omega’s heat and slick.

Scorpius’s body welcomed the intruding fingers, pleasure spreading all over his body as he had never felt before. And when those fingers brushed against something inside him, he felt embarrassed at the stream of slick that coated the bed and Harry’s hand. He tilted his head back in pleasure, an embarrassing moan leaving his mouth against his will.

His abdomen spasmed, and the pressure accumulated on the pitch of his belly like never before. His cock was feeling so full and hard that it was almost painful, and everything Harry was doing to him was about to drive him over the edge.

“Oh shit… Oh shit,” Scorpius moved his hand to grasp his prick, no longer feeling capable of clinging to the sheets to avoid touching himself. Harry, however, caught his hand and put it away, stopping his ministrations on Scorpius’s balls.

Harry let go of Scorpius’s hand, and the omega instead tangled his fingers on the black mop on top of the man’s head. Harry’s hum sent a different spark of pleasure down Scorpius's body, and he hollowed his mouth. Scorpius had to bite his lips in an attempt to contain his moans, failing miserably as a wave of pure please shot out of his cock. The waves of pleasure were nothing like what Scorpius had felt before, nothing like the small orgasms he had coaxed out of his own body in the privacy of his bed, nor similar to what he felt—alone—on his heat bed.

Harry stroked him as Scorpius rode out his orgasm, greedily drinking every single drop of cum that shot down his throat.

When Scorpius came down from his high, he noticed Harry’s fingers moving inside of him, enticing a new wave of heat and want on his belly. It wasn’t as strong as before, and it did feel a little odd to have those fingers inside when he was no longer losing his mind swimming in pleasure. But Harry insisted, and only stopped moving his fingers when he got them out of Scorpius’s body and trailed kissed up the boy's belly, up and up until he claimed his mouth in a fierce, desperate kiss.

“We can still stop if…”

“Don’t you dare suggest that,” said Scorpius. “I want you.”

Harry looked at him, studying his face and expression. Then, the most beautiful smile appeared on his face, the gesture stealing Scorpius's breath away.

“Alright then,” whispered Harry and kissed him softly, barely brushing their lips together before sitting up on top of the omega’s naked body, his crotch millimeters away from Scorpius’s spent cock. “Let’s get you back in the mood, shall we?”

Harry smirked, and without breaking eye contact he moved his hands to slowly open his button-up shirt. Scorpius's breath stilled when the first patch of sun-kissed skin appeared in front of his thirsty eyes. There was a nice, dark path of hair that started on Harry's belly button, and went down, the trail getting lost under the trousers Harry still had on.

Scorpius felt the animalistic need to lick it, to turn around their positions, and lick that sinful path until reaching his alpha's cock with the tip of his tongue. His mouth went dry at the thought, and a part of that trail of ideas must have slipped his mouth, because suddenly Harry's warm, deep chuckle was all Scorpius could focus on.

"Later you'll have the chance of tasting me at your heart's contempt," promised Harry.

"Deal."

Harry got off the bed to remove the remaining pieces of clothing, returning to Scorpius's side when he was bare and with his hard cock proudly on display for the omega's eyes delight. Soon, they were all hands and all touch. Kisses, licks, and bites. Scorpius's shuddered when Harry scented him, and the omega in him gleamed in happiness when Harry let him scent him back.

"Mine," said Scorpius.

The alpha's musky scent was driving him mad with desire. Scorpius's prick went hard again in record time, and Harry guaranteed that their refraction time would be non-existent for both of them on the day they shared their heat and rut.

Scorpius's heart skipped a bit the moment Harry accommodated himself between his thighs. Harry smiled, looking up at him with such love in his eyes that the omega's chest swelled with love and adoration. Harry leaned in, tenderly kissing him, taking his breath away while patiently pushing himself inside the tight, virgin body.

While his body was more than eager to have his alpha inside, the initial intrusion burned enough for him to whine about it. Harry comforted him, giving him thousand of kisses and little encouraging words. Overwhelmed with love, Scorpius smiled, and hugged the alpha as close as he could with arms and legs, his action pushing Harry further into his body, causing both of them to moan at the sensation.

"I want you," Scorpius whispered.

Harry looked up at him, his green eyes obscured almost completely by his dilatated pupil.

The next kiss felt different. Warmth washed over Scorpius's body, and his heart was beating so fast that he was sure Harry could hear him. Harry's hip moved slowly, drawing a long, delicious thrust that made Scorpius whimper and moan.

He was feeling so alive, so wanted, so taken care of. Harry was holding him like he was the most precious thing in the world, and Scorpius knew there was nowhere else he would like to be at the moment.

Harry was his alpha and the only one for him.

“Your father kicked me out of the manor,” Harry said, slowly drawing his fingers through Scorpius's hair. “He was furious because you were calling me in your first heat.”

Scorpius hummed and buried his face against Harry’s warm, naked chest.

“He was still furious when I woke up,” Scorpius confessed. “He said that I should find an alpha my age when he dropped me outside the castle. And… he insinuated other stuff while at home.”

“Hm?”

Harry kissed the top of his head, and Scorpius smiled, completely relaxed even with the sour subject they were treating. It was something they had to talk about, he knew, and better sooner than later.

“Something he said… It's like he thinks I’m not the right omega for you.” Harry huffed at that comment and Scorpius smiled.

“Well, I’m older than you, that’s going to be something many will say.” Scorpius tensed, but Harry hugged him closer to his body, forcing Scorpius to lay on top of him completely. “I know you are right for me, Scorpius. You are my omega…”

Scorpius smiled, body relaxing between Harry’s arms.

“It’s not only that, though,” he insisted, “I think—”

“You think?”

“I think my dad is jealous that you chose me, that your alpha chose me instead of him.”

“Oh…”

Scorpius braced himself. He was a confident boy, but even if he had felt the pull in Harry’s direction for years now, he was still a newly matured omega. What if Harry thought that an omega like Draco was the best for him? Even if their bodies were telling them otherwise?

“That explains a few things, to be honest.” Harry laughed and planted several kisses on Scorpius's head. “Don’t you worry about it. Your father… I rejected his hand in friendship when we were kids. We are friends now, and I must confess that I had been quite oblivious to some… things he said. But he’ll have to get over his jealousy because I won’t step aside from you.”

Scorpius laughed.

“Good. Because I do have an idea of how to get our way even if he tries to do something.”

“Hmm? Let's hear it. Because my solution is marking you right now, but that will get us into trouble.” Harry caressed Scorpius's mating gland and the boy shuddered under his touch.

“Court me,” Scorpius asked, still with his face pressed against the alpha’s chest, not daring to look Harry in the eyes. “Court me. Father may have banned you from Malfoy Manor in his rage. But he can’t stop you from asking my hand in courtship. And if you claim the right of the Pull, you will be considered over any other alpha even if he tries to get me courted by another. I will accept you, of course, and he can’t get in the way. It is my right to accept you, or reject you at the end of the courtship. And we both know what I want.”

“What if—” Harry hesitated, “What if he disinherits you?”

Scorpius felt himself pale at the question.

“If he does, then so be it.” He closed his eyes, feeling heartbroken at the idea. “He loves me. I know he does. Let's hope that his hate for you is not bigger than his love for me. The only thing good about it, if he does disinherit me, is that he will be forced to find himself a mate. A proper mate this time and have a new heir…”

Scorpius refused to think further about it. His heart was arching at the idea of being rejected by his father. Harry hummed, and caressed Scorpius's back with care, stopping to massage the places that could be sore from their previous activities.

“I won’t let him tear us apart,” Harry assured, and Scorpius's heart swelled with love at the promise.

End Notes

This work is a part of the HP Next Gen Fest, celebrating all Harry Potter Next Generation characters and pairings. The creators will be revealed on July 15th, 2022. Please check out the event tumblr for more information and be sure to follow along to catch all of the incredible creations we have lined up for this series!

Be sure to leave the creator love if you enjoyed their work! Thank you!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!